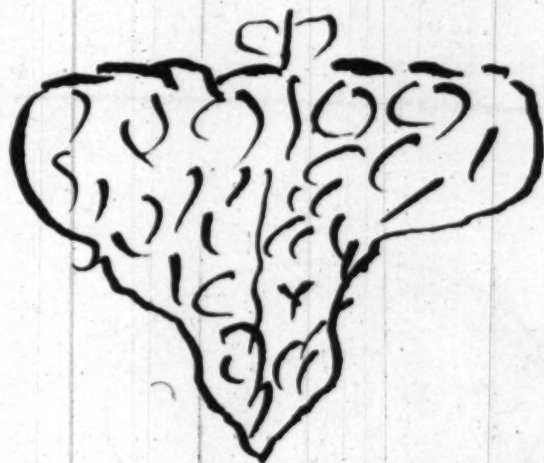


The Costly whore
"THE"
COSTLIE
WHORE.

A COMICALL HISTORIE

ACTED BY THE COMPANIE OF
THE REVELS.



LONDON
PRINTED BY Augustine Mathewes, for William
SHEARES, and HUGH PERRIE,
and are to be sold at their shoppe, in
Brittaines Burse.
1633.

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THE ACTORS NAMES.

Duke of Saxonie.
 Fredericke his Sonne.

HATTO. } Brothers to the Duke.
 Abid. }

Montane: Kinsman to the Duke

Euphrata: daughter to the Duke

Constantine, a lover of Euphrata

Otto, a friend to Constantine.

Alberto } two Lords.
 Reynaldo }

Vanderomas, a Pander.

Valentia, the Costly Whore

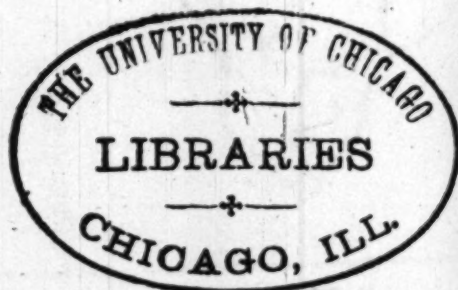
Julia, a Gentlewoman
 to Euphrata

Two Maidens.

Petitioners.

Beggars.

Servants.



THE

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1633

Rare ok room

The Costly Whore

[by Thomas Mordaunt]

1633.

Dramatis Personae

Duke of Saxony -

Frederick - his son -

Hatto } brothers to the Duke.

Alfred }

Constantine - in love with Euphrata.

Otto, his friend.

Montano, a lord, suitor to Euphrata.

Rinaldo } Lords.

Albert }

Vandermas, an officer.

Soldiers, Merchants, Beggars -

Euphrata, daughter to the Duke -

Julia, her attendant.

Valentin, a courtesan, niece to Montano -

Maids -

Scene - Saxony -

Edward Dowden's Copy - The above is handwriting

THE COSTLY WHORE.

Enter Constantine and Otho.

Constantine.

Ow do st thou like the lovely Euphrasia?

Otho. I did not marke her.

Const. Then thou didst not marke

The fairest Saxon Lady in mine eyes,
That ever breath'd a maid.

Otho. Your minde now knowne,
He say shee is the fairest in the world,
Were she the foulest.

Con. Then thou canst dissemble.

Otho. You know I cannot, but deare *Constantine*,
I prethee tell me first, what is that Ladie?
That wonder of her sexe, call'd Euphrasia,
Whose daughter is she?

Const. I cannot blame thee *Otho*,
Though thou be ignorant of her high worth,
Since here in *Saxony* we are strangers both,
But if thou canst to finde, why we left *Mantua*,
Reade the true reason in that Ladies eye,
Daughter unto the Duke of *Saxony*,
Shee unto whom so many worthy *Princes*,
Vail'd Bonnet, when she put the *Triumpe*,
Making the pavement trove with the *tride*.

Otho. Shee that is like the *marble* path,

The costly Whore.

Enter Otho from the Temple to the Court.

Otho. The same.

Otho. Why that was white before,

White Marble *Constantine*, whiter by Gods

Then that which lovers terme the Ivory hand,

Nay then the Lillie, whitenesse of her face.

Con. Come, thou art a cavilling companion,
Because thou seest my heart is drown'd in loue,
Thou wilt drowne me too, I say the Ladie's faire,
I say I love her, and in that more faire,
I say she loves me, and in that most faire,
Love doth attribute in Hyperbolies,

Vnto his Mistris the creation of every excellence,
Because in her his eies do dreame of perfect excellence,
And here she comes.

Enter Euphrata.

Observe her, gentle friend.

Euph. Welcome sweete *Constantine*.

Con. My *Euphrata*.

Euph. Thy *Euphrata*, be thou my *Constantine*,
What is he, a stranger, or thy friend?

Con. My second selfe, my second *Euphrata*,
If thou beest mine, salute her gentle *Otho*.

Otho. An humble and a true devoted heart,
It tender to you in a mindes chaste kisse.

Euph. Welcome to me, since welcome to my friend.

Otho. A beautifull, an admirable Ladie,
Thinke 'tis fatall unto every friend,
Never to love, untill his friend first love,
And then his choice; but sooner will I teare
Out of this brest, mine affection with my heart.

Eu. Hearing sweet *Constantine* thou wert so nere me,
I came as I were wing'd to gaze on thee.

Con. And would to heaven there were no bar in time
To hinder me from thy desired sight,
But thousand sutors eyes do watch my steps,
And harke I heare some trampling, how now *Julia*?

Enter Julia.

Julia. Madam, the Lord *Montano* spying you, I

To

The costly Whore.

To leave the presence, and to enter here,
Hath ever since waited your coming forth,
And will not be denied untill he see you.

Euph. Of all my suitors, most importunate.

Con. What is he love?

Euph. Of very noble birth.

But my affection is not tyed to birth,

I must dispense with this kind conference,

For some small time, untill I rid him hence,

Therefore within my closet hide thy selfe,

Your friend shall *Julia* guide into the garden,

Where through a private doore, but seldome vs'd,

He may at pleasure leave us and returne,

Deny me not, I prethee *Constantino*,

Thou hast my heart, and would thy birth were such,

I need not feare t' avouch thee for my Love.

Otho. Madam, I take my leave. *Exit Otho.*

Con. Farewell deare friend,

Returne as soone as may be, farewell Love. *Exit.*

Euph. Now guide *Montano* hither.

Enter Montano.

Mon. Gracious Madam, I have seene the noble Palsgrave,

The Prince of *Mildeine*, and the Palatine of the Rheine,

With divers other honorable suitors,

Mounted to ride unto their severall places.

Euph. Of me they took their farewell yesternight.

Mon. What meanes your grace to be so unkind to all?

You drive away good fortune by disdain.

Euph. Why are you grieving too?

Mon. I am your subject;

The meanest that did humbly seeke your love,

Yet not the meanest in affection,

And I am come to take my farewell too.

Euph. Why then farewell.

Mon. So short with them that love you.

Euph. Your journey may be great for ought I know,

And 'tis an argument of little love,

The costly Whore

To be the hinderer of a traveller.

Mon. My journey Madame is unto my house,
Scarce halfe a league hence, there to pine and die,
Because I love such beauteous crueltie.

Euphr. God speede you sir.

Mon. Nay then I will not leave you:
Madam, 'tis thought, and that upon good ground
You have shrin'd your affection in the heart
Of some (what ere he be) noble, or base,
And thats the cause you lightlie censure all.

Euphr. Who thinkes it?

Mon. I doe Madame, and your father.

Euphr. It is upon my vowed chastitie.

Mon. What devill made you sweare to chastitie,
Or have you tane that oath onely for a terme.

Euphr. A terme, what terme?

Mon. A terme of some seven yeeres,
Or peradventure halfe the number more.

Euphr. For terme of life.

Mon. You have sworne to be forsworne,
He was no well disposed friend of yours,
That gave you counsaile to forswear such beautie,
Why tis as if some traveller had found
A mine of gold, and made no vse of it.
For terme of life; why then die presently,
So shall your debt to nature be farre lesse;
Your tyranny over mans yielding heart
Be lesse condemned: oh you were made for man,
And living without man, to murder men:
If any creature be so fortunate

That lives in grace of your all gracious selfe,
Though I am well perswaded 'tis not I
I vow by all the rites of vertuous love,
Be he ignoble, of the basest sort,
To please you Madame, Ile renounce my life,
And be a speciall meane unto your father,
To grant your hearts affection, though I die.

Euphr.

The costlie Whore.

Euph. Now Lord *Montano* you come neere my heart,
And were I sure that you would keepe your word,
As I am sure you love me by your deedes,
I might perchance deliver you my thoughts.

Mon. By heaven, and by your beauncous selfe I will.

Euph. Then *Constantine* come forth, behold thy friend.

Enter Constantine.

Con. Madame what meane you, to reveale our love?

Mon. This is a very stubborne Gentleman,
A Gentleman, a peasant, *Saxonia* affords not one more base.

Con. He does me wrong, that termes me meaner then a gentle-

Mon. I tearme thee so. (man.

Euph. Why how now Lord *Montano*, you do forget your oath.

Mon. And you your selfe,

Your Princely father, and the Dukedomes honour.
To chaine your liking to a groome so base.

Con. He lies that calles me groome.

Enter Iulia.

In. O God, forbear,

His Excellence, your father's comming hither.

Mon. He comes in happie time, to know the cause,
Why such great Princes have bin made your scorne.

Euph. What will you tell him?

Mon. Will I? let me die

Contemn'd of heaven, in publique obloquie,
If I reveale not this lascivious course.

In. We are undone.

Con. Hence with this prating Maide,
If thou hast any anger in thy brest,
Towards this Lady, turne it all on me,
She is a woman, timorous by her kinde,
I man-like borne, and beare a man-like minde.

Mon. Ue trie your courage——draw.

Euph. As thou fear'st thy frowne,
As thou hast hope to thrive in thy new choice,
As thou respect'st the favour of the gods,
Welfare in any action thou intends,
Doe not reveale unto my fretfull father

The costly Whore.

This humble choice that my high birth hath made?

Mon. Why then forswear him.

Enph. Sooner let thy feet

Vpon my breast, and tread me to the ground.

In. As thou art any thing more then a beast.

Doe not procure my Ladie such disgrace.

Mon. Peace bawde, Ile have no conference with you.

Enph. He cannot hurt me, 'tis my Love I feare,

Although my father be as sterne as warre,

Inexorable like consuming fire,

As icalous of his honour, as his crowne,

To me his anger is like Zephires breath,

Cast on a banke of sommer violets :

florish,

But to my Love, like whirlewinde to a boate,

Taken in midst of a tumultuous sea.

Enter Duke of Saxonia, and Fredericke.

Alas he comes, *Montano*, prece hee peace,

Courage sweete Love.

Con. I see our love must cease.

Enph. Not if my wit can helpe,

It shall goe hard but Ile prevent the traitor.

Mon. Heare me my Lord.

Enph. Heare me my gracious father.

Mon. Heare me my liege, ther's treason in your Court,

I have found a peasant in the Princeesse closet,

And this is he that steales away her honour.

Enph. This villaine gracious father 'tis that seekes

To rob me of mine honor, you your daughter.

Mon. Now as you are a right heroike Prince,

Be deafe unto your daughters faire words.

Enph. Be deafe to him, as you regard your selfe.

Duke. What strange confusion's this, that cloyes our hearing?

Fred. Speake beauteous sister, who hath done thee wrong?

Mon. Her selfe.

Enph. This traitor.

Fred. Lord *Montano*.

Enph. Hee.

Fred. Villaine thou dyest.

Mon.

The costly Whore.

Mon. Stay, she means *Constantine*,
Hee that I found infolded in her closet,
Reaping the honour, which a thousand Lords
Have fail'd in seeking, in a lawfull course.

Con. He does me wrong my gracious soveraigne.

In. He wrongs my Ladie, an't please your grace.

Mon. Ile tell the truth.

Euph. Or rather let me tell it.

Mon. Lascivious love is ever full of sleights.

Euph. Villaines that seeke by treason their desires,
Want no suggestion to beguile a truth.

Mon. I say, I found this peasant in her closet,
Kissing, imbracing, and dishonouring her.

Euph. I say, an't please your gracious Excellence,
I found this Gentleman within my closet,
There set by subornation of this Lord,
And here appointed to dishonor me,
Speake, is't not true?

Con. True, if it please your grace.

Duke. What say you strumpet?

In. Since my Ladie saies so,
I say and't please your Excellence.

Duke. Speake woman.

In. 'Tis very true.

Mon. O monstrous forgerie!

Fro. O more then falshood to become so smooth,
In such a dangerous action.

Duke. This is strange,
Montano seeke the ruine of my daughter.

Euph. Because I would not yeeld unto his suite,
Which hee in rapesfull manner oft hath sought,
Hee set this Gentleman to doe me shame,
Intending by exclames to raise the Court,
But that repentance in my waiting Maide,
And of his sorrowfull selfe, reveal'd the plot.

Mon. O ye gods, how am I over-reacht!

Duke. I know the yong man to be well descended,
Of civill carriage, and approved faith,

The costly Whore.

How ere seduced to this enterprise.

Con. My conscience would not propagate that plot.

Fr. Nor mine my Lord, though gold corrupted me.

Mon. Cleane from the byas wit, by heaven rare wit,
He tell another tale, if they have done.

Duke. What canst thou speake vild traitor,
Thou seest thou art prevented in thy plot,
And therefore desperately com'st any thing,
But I am deafe to all such stratagems.

Mon. Will you not heare me?

Duke. Forgeries and lies,
My daughters honour is of that high prize,
That I preferre it 'fore a traitors braine,
Let it suffice, we know she hath deni'd thee,
And some denied (like devills) turne their love,
Into excretion of themselves,
And of the parties whom they have belou'd;
Revenge begins where flatteries doe end,
Being not her husband, thou wilt be no friend.
Thus is thy policy by heaven prevented,
Therefore henceforth, we banish thee our Court,
Our Court? our territorie, every place,
Wherein we beare the state of Royaltie:
Urge no replie, the fact is plainely prou'd,
And thou art hatefull where thou wert belou'd.

Mon. My gracious Lord,

Duke. We can afford no grace,
Stay here, and reade thy ruine in my face.

Mon. I goe, contented with this heavy loome.

'Twas mine owne seeking, faire, and wise adieu,

Deceit hath kil'd conceit, you know tis true.

Fre. An vpright sentence of an act so vilde. (ber,

Duk. Remove this waiting virgin from your cham-

But let this gentleman attend on me,

He best may be deceiv'd by trecherie.

Euph. Then so my gracious father may this maid.

Duke. Then let her keep her place, beware of gold,

Honour's

The costly Whore.

Honour's too precious to be baselie sold.
Now to our dying friend, his grace of *Meath*,
Daughter prepare you, you shall ride along,
For to that end we came, come sonne to horse,
Ere we come there, our friend may prove a coarfe.

Euph. Twas well done both, this action rarely fell,
where women trie their wits, bad plots prove well.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter three Beggars.

1. Come away fellow louse, thou art ever eating;
2. Have I not neede, that must feede so many
Cannibals, as will waite on me whether I will or no?
3. Heres one in my necke, I would twere on thy shoulder.
1. Keepe it your selfe, I have retainers enow of mine owne.
2. But, whether are you going now?
1. Why, are you our King, and doe not know that?
2. Your King? I am a very roguish King, and I have
A companie of lowlie subiects.

Enter Hatto, and Alfrid conferring.

2. But looke about my ragged subiects here comes some body.
1. O the devills, shall we aske them an almes?
2. Why not, now the rats have eaten up their brother Bishop,
they will be more charitable, your vocation you slaves.
3. For the Lord sake be pittifull to a companie of poore men.

Hatto. What cry is this? beggars so neere the doore
Of our deceased brother; whip them hence,
Or bring the Mastiffe forth, worry them,
They are lazie drones, tis pittie such should live.

1. I told you my Lord how we should find them: whip us,
Leade the way soveraigne, weele none of your whipping.

Hat. Hence with these dogs, what make they neere this house?

2. He will be eaten with rats too, he looks like a piece of cheefe
alreadie.

Hat. You Rogues.

Alf. Good brother stay your selfe from wrath,
Thinke on the Bishop and his odious death.

Hat. What odious death I pray?

The costly Where.

Al. Eaten with Rats, whilest he was living, for the wrong he did
Vnto the poore, the branches of our God.

Hat. Tis true, and therefore call the poore againe,
Come hither friends, I did forget my selfe.
Pray for me, ther's some silver for thy wants.

2. Now the Lord blesse you, and keep your good fate
From being Moult-eaten, wee came thinking
Wee should have some dole at the Bishops funerall,
But now this shall serve our turne, wee will
Pray for you night and day.

Hat. Goe to the backe gate, and you shall have dole.

Om. O the Lord save thee. *Exeunt Beggars.*

Hat. These Beggars pray and curse, both in a breath,
Oh wherefore should we fawne upon such cures,
The mice of mankind, and the scorne of earth?

Alf. So said our brother.

Hat. And he was a Bishop,
Had read the Scripture, and knew what he said.

Alf. But he hath brought that saying with his death,
With such a loathsome and notorious death,
As while the World's a World, 'twill speake of *Meath*.

Hat. The Lord Archbishop of *Meath*, and die by Rats.

Alf. He did preclaime reliefe unto the poore,
Asssembled them unto a private Barne,
And having lockt the doore, set it on fire,
Saying, hee'de rid the countrie of such Mice,
And Mice and Rats have rid him from the World:

Hat. Well, he not hurt the poore so publikely,
But privately I'll grinde their very hearts,
Torture them living, and yet have their prayers,
And by such means, that few or none shall know it.

Al. In such a course *Alfred* would wind with you,
Forthough I counsaill'd you to be more calme,
Twas not in pittie of their povertie,
But to auoide their clamour, to give nothing,

Will

The costly Whore.

Will make them curse you : but to threaten them,
Flie in your face, and spit upon your beard,
No devill so fierce, as a bread-wanting heart,
Especially being baited with ill tearmes,
But what course can you take to plague these dogges?

Hat. Why, buy up all the corne, and make a dearth,
So thousands of them will die under stalles.

Alf. And send it unto forraine nations,
To bring in toies, to make the wealthy poore.

Hat. Or make our land beare wood instead of wheate.

Al. Inclose the commons, and make white meates deare.

Hat. Turne pasture into Parke grounds, and starve cattle,
Or twentie other honest thriving courses;
The meanest of these, will beggar halfe a Kingdome.

Al. I have a commission drawne for making glasse,
Now if the Duke come, as I thinke he will;
Twill be an excellent meanes to lavish wood,
And then the cold will kill them, had they bread.

Hat. The yron Mills are excellent for that,
I have a pattennt drawne to that effect,
If they goe up, downe goes the goodly trees,
He make them search the earth to find new fire.

Alf. We two are brothers, and the Duke's our brother,
Shall we be brothers in Commission?
And He perswade him to authorize thee
His substitute in *Meash*, when he enioyes it.

Hat. Death He get thee Regent under him
In *Saxonic*, to oppress as well as I,
And we will share the profits, live like Kings,
And yet seeme liberall in common things.

Al. Content, what though the Rats devour'd our brother?
Was not a Prophet murdered by a Lyon?
King *Herod* died of Lice, wormes doe eate us all,
The Rats are wormes, then let the Rats eate me,
Is the dead course prepar'd?

Hat. Embalm'd and coffin'd,
The Citie keyes delivered to my hands,

The costly Whore.

We stay but onely for his Excellence. *Enter Constantine.*

Con. The Duke is coming if it please your honors.

Al. And he is welcome, let the trumpets sound.

second flourish.

Enter Duke of Saxon, Euphrata, and Iulia.

Hat. Welcome, thrice welcome our renowned brother,
Loe at thy feete, the Citizens of Meath,
By us their Agents, do lay downe the keyes,
And by this crowner, and sword resign'd,
The state Maiestique to your Princely hands,
Discended to you, by our brothers death.

Duke. Then with your loves, and persons we receive it,
Is then our brother the Archbishop dead?

Hat. Too true my Lord.

Euph. I am sorry for my Vncle.

Hat. And of a death so publike by reporte.

Al. Devour'd by Rats, in strange and wonderous sort.

Duke. Could not this palace seated in the Rheine,
In midst of the great River, (to the which
No bridge, nor convey, other then by boats,
Was to be had) free him from vermine Rats?

Alf. Against their kind, the land Rats took the water
And swomme in little armies to the house,
And though we drown'd, and kild innumerable,
Their numbers were like *Hydra's* heads increasing,
Ruine bred more untill our brother died.

Duke. The house is execrable, he not enter.

Hat. You need not feare my Lord, the house is free,
From all resort of Rats, for at his death,
As if a trumpet sounded a retreat,
They made a kind of murmur, and departed.

Du. Sure 'twas the hand of heaven, for his contempt
Of his poore creatures: but what writs are those?

Hat. Commissions (if it please your grace) for glasse
For yron Mines, and other needfull things.

Duke. Our selfe invested in the government

The

The coslie Whore.

The Cities care, shall lie upon your care.

Hat. *Alfred* our brother may awaite your grace
in *Saxony*, so please you to command. (seven.

Duke. We are now but three, that lately have bin
We have cause to love each other, for my part,
Betweene you both, we give a brothers heart,
Here, or at *Saxony*, command at pleasure,
I weare the corronet, be yours the treasure.

Al. We thanke our brother.

Duke. Where's my sonne *Fredericke*?

Enter Fredericke With a glove.

Fre. Father, the state of *Meath* desire your grace,
To take the paines to passe unto the Senate.

Duke. What glove is that son *Fred.* in your hand?

Fre. I found it if it please your Excellence,
Neere to the state-house, the imbroiderie
Is very excellent, and the fashion rare.

Duke. I have not seene a prettier forme of hand?
Daughter let's see, is't not too bigge for you?

Exp. Sure 'tis some admirable worke of nature,
If it fit any hand that owes this glove,
If all the rest doe parallel the hand.

Duke. Will it not on?

Euph. Not for a diadem,
He trie no longer, lest I shame my selfe.

Duke. Try *Julia*.

Ju. My hand's bigger then my Ladies.

Duke. I cannot tell, but in my minde I feele
A wondrous passion of I know not what. (womans

Fre. The imbroidered glove may be some child's no

Duke. I should mistrust as much, but that this place
Beares greater compasse then a childish hand,
I must command it.

Fre. Willingly my Lord.

Du. Then to the state-house brothers lead the way.

The costly Whore.

First our instalement, then a funerall day.

Exeunt Duke and brothers, and Fred.

Enter Otho.

Otho. Yonder she goes, the mirror of her sexe,
Stay beauteous *Euphrata*.

Euph. *Otho*, what *Julia*?

In. Here Madam, what's your will.

Euph. Call *Constantine*,
Tell him, his deare friend *Otho* is return'd.

In. I will.

Otho. Stay *Julia*.

Euph. Doe as I bid you, goe.

Exit Julia.

Otho. I had rather have a word or twaine with you.

Euph. I have heard him oft enquire for thee his friend,
I have heard him sigh, I have seene him weepe for thee,
Imagining some mischiefe, or distresse
Had false thee since the closets separation.

Otho. And what a slave am I to wrong this friend.

Enter Constantine with Julia.

Con. Where is he?

In. Here.

Con. The welcom'st man alive,
Unkind, how couldst thou stay from me so long?

Otho. I have bin ill at ease, pray pardon me,
But I reioyce to see my friend so well.

Euph. Some Ladies love hath made him melancholy.

Otho. Shee hath read the letter that I lately sent her,
In a pomegranat, by those words I hope.

Con. Why speak you not, is't love, or melancholy?

Otho. If upon love my griefe is melancholy.

Con. Ile haue the best Physicians here in *Momb.*
Assay by art to cure that maladic.

Euph. Gainst mellancholy minds your onely Phisick
Our *Saxon* doctors hold that principle,

Now I remember you did lately send me

A choise pomegranate, fetch it *Julia*,

Some of those graines well stir'd in *Gascoine* wine,

The costly Whore.

Is present remedie.

Otho. Madam, Ile none
Of all fruits, that I hate.

En. And commended it so highly by the messenger
that brought it.

Con. Twas well remembered, you shall take a graine.

Otho. You will but vex me.

Con. So his melancholly
Doth make him froward with his dearest friend,

Enter Julia with the pomegranate.

Tis well done *Julia*, quickly cut it up,
And bring a cup of wine, or let me doe't.

Otho. I see I shall be plagu'd with mine owne wit,
Being asham'd to speake, I writ my minde,
Were you my friends, you would not martyr me
With needlesse phisicke, sic upon this trash,
The very sight is loathsome.

Con. Take it up,
But let me see, what letter's that that dropt,
Came it from you, or from the Spanish fruit.

In. Tis all the graines that the pomegranate had.

Con. Then ther's some trechery within these grains,
He breake it up,
And 'tis directed to my *Exphraza*.

Exp. What may the tenure be, I pray thee reade it.

He opens the letter & reads.

Otho. O fall upon me some wind-shaken turret,
To hide me from the anger of my friend,
O from his frowne, because he is my friend,
Were he an enemy, I would be bold.
But kindnes makes this wound; o this horror,
The words of friends are stronger then their power.

Con. Withdraw good *Julia*. *Exit Julia.*

Exp. 'Pray what is it love?

Con. Tis love indeed to thee, but to my heart
Every loose sentence is a killing dart,
I brought this Gorges to my hearts delight,
And he hath drown'd his senses with the sight,

The costly Whore.

Except thy selfe, all things to him were free,
Otho, thou hast done me more then iniurie,
Well maist thou fixe thy eye vpon the earth,
This action sich breedes a prodigious birth,
It is so monstrous and against all kinde,
That the light's splendor would confound thy minde.

Otho. I have offended, prethee pardon me.

Con. What cause did move thee?

Otho. Her all-conquering sight. (right)

Con. Couldst thou asurpe upon my well known

Otho. Thinke I am flesh and blood, and she is faire.

Con. Thinke how I love thee.

Otho. There proceeds my care.

Con. Our amitie hath bin of ancient dayes,
During which time, wrong'd I thee any wayes?

Otho. Never.

Con. But rather I have done thee good.

Otho. I grant you have, I rather shed my blood,
Then number the kind deedes betweene us past,
For this unkindnesse here I love my last.

Enph. He doth repent, and will renounce his suite.

Otho. I doe renounce it.

Con. O thou canst not do't.

Otho. Suffer me stay a while in her faire sight,
I will heale my wound and all love banish quite.

Con. The sight of the belov'd, makes the desire
That burne but slowly, flame like sparkling fire.
As thou dost love me, take thee to some place,
Where thou maist nere see her nor I thy face.

Otho. By what is deere betwixt us, by our selves,
I vow hencefoorth ten thousand deaths to prove,
Then be a hindrance to such vertuous love.

Con. Break heart, tis for thy sake.

Otho. When I am dead,

Then forget that I am injured.

Con. O hell of love,

Otho. Or rather hell of flie.

Con.

The costly Whore.

Con. Firmely till they love.

Otho. Then thus all friendship ends.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Duke, Frederick, Hans and Alfred.

Han. Good brother heare some Musicke, twill delight you.

Al. Ile call the Actors, will you see a play?

Fro. Or gracious father, see me runne the race,
On a light footed horse, swifter then winds.

Duke. I pray forbear.

Al. This moode will make you mad,
For melancholy Vshers franticke thoughts.

Han. It makes hot wreaking blood turne cold and drie,
And drithe and coldnesse are the signes of death.

Duke. You doe torment me.

Fred. Is it any thing
That I have done, offends your grace?

Han. Or comes this hidden anger from my fault?

Alf. Heres none but gladly would resigne his life,
To doe you pleasure, so please you to command.

Duke. Ifaith you are too blame to vexe me thus.

Han. Then grounds this sorrow on your brothers death?

Fred. Or rather on the glove I lately found.

Duke. A plague vpon the glove, whats that to me,
Your prating makes me almost lunatike,
As you respect my wellfare, leave me, leave me,
The sooner you depart, the sooner
Shall finde some meanes to cure my maladie.

Fred. Our best course is to be obedient.

Exeunt all but the Duke.

Duke. Farewell,
Was ever slave be sorrowed like to me,
That Kings have lou'd, those that they neuer saw,
Is nothing strange, since they have heard their praise,
Birds that by painted grapes have bin deceiv'd,

The costly Whore.

Had yet some shadow to excuse their error,
Pignation that did love an Ivory Nymph,
Had an *Idea* to delight his sence,
The youth that doted on *Minerva's* picture,
Had some contentment for his eye

But love, or rather an infernall hagge,
Envyng *Saxons* greatnes and his ioyes,
Hath given me nothing but a trifling glove,
As if by the proportion of the case,
Art had the power to know the jewels nature,
Or Nymph, or goddesse, woman, or faire devill
If any thing thou art within my braine,
Draw thine owne picture, let me see thy face,
To doate thus grossely, is a grosse disgrace.

I heare some Musique, O ye Deities.
Send you this heavenly consort from the *Sphaeres*?
To recreate a love-perplexed heart.
The more it sounds, the more it refresheth,
I see no instruments, nor hands that play,
And my deare brothers durst not be so bold,
'Tis some celestiall rapture of the minde,
No earthlie harmonie is of this kinde,
Now it doth cease, speake who comes there?

Enter Fredericke, Alfred, and Hatto.

Fred. Father.

(heard?)

Duke. From whence proceeds the Musicke that I

Fred. The beauteous and the famous *Curtezan*,
Allyed unto the banished *Montano*,
Admir'd *Valentia*, with a troope of youths,
This day doth keepe her yeerely festiuall,
To all her suitors, and this way she past
Vnto her Arbor, when the Musique plaide.

Duke. Admir'd *Valentia*, *Curtezans* are strange
With us in *Germany*, except her selfe,
Being a *Venetian* borne and privileged.

The

The costly Whore.

The state allowes none here.

Fred. I were good for *Mench* the were *imprisoned*
And sent to *Venice*.

Al. Of all the faces that mine eye beheld,
Hers is the brightest.

Duke. Is she then so faire?

Hat. O beyond all comparison of beaultie.

Fred. Vpon her hand,

Father I saw the fellow to your glove.

Duke. What the imbroidred glove you lately found?

Fred. Fellow to that.

Duke. Then let it be restor'd,

What should a Prince retaine a Trumpets glove?

O ye eternall powers, am I insnar'd

With the affection of a common trull,

Wheres your commissions that you would have sign'd,

'Tis time I had a president in *Saxonia*,

Receiue our signet, and impresse them straight,

Ile remaine here in *Mench*, some little time,

Brother haue care my Dukedome be well rul'd,

Here I put over my affaires to you,

My sonne I leaue unto the ioyes of youth,

Tis pittie that his mind should be oppress'd

So soone with care of government,

Goe to your pleasures, seeke your sister forth,

Send *Constantine* to us, so leaue me all,

I am best accompanied with none at all. *Exeunt.*

Mench Duke.

Either the Planets that did meete together,

In the grand consultation of my birth,

Were opposite to every good infusion,

Or onely *Venus* stood as retrograde,

For but in love of this some loving trull,

I haue beene fortunate even since my birth,

I feele within my breast a searhing fire,

Which doth ascend the engine of my braine,

And when I seeke by reason to suppress

The

The costly Whore.

The beate it gives, the greater the excess;
I loath to look upon a common lip,
Were it as corall as *Aurora's* cheek,
Died with the faire virginillion sunne;
O but I loue her, and they say she is faire,
Now *Constantine*.

Con. Your grace did send for me.

Duke. Lend me your habit in exchange of mine,
For I must walke the Citle for a purpose.

Con. Withall my heart, my habit and my selfe.

Duke. In any case, watch at the privie chamber,
If any aske for me, say I am not well,
And tho it be my sonne, let him not enter.

Con. I will.

Duke. Be carefull gentle *Constantine*,
Now faire *Valentia*, Saxon to thy bower,
Comes like a *Iove* to raine a golden shower.

Con. Prosper kind Lord, what ere the action be,
Counsailes of Princes should be ever free.

Enter Valentia, and Montano.

Val. Torches and Musique there, the room's too darke.

Mon. Prethee Neece

Abandon this lascivious unchaste life,
It is the onely blemish of our house,
Scandall unto our name, a *Curtezans*;
O what's more odious in the eares of men.

Val. Then why doe men resort to *Curtezans*,
And the best sort; I see the inferiour groomes,
Nor will I denie to draw aside my maske,
To any meaner then a Noble man.

Val. Come, can you dance a caper and a kiff,
For every turne, He fold thee in my armes,
And if thou fal'st although no a kin we be,
That thou maist light fall safe, He fall under thee,
Oh for the lightnesse of all light hearted girls,
And I would touch the *Googies* with my lips,
Why art thou sad *Montano*?

Mon.

The costly Whore.

Mon. On iust cause,
You know I am banish't from my native countrey.

Val. This citie is *Adraak*, the citie of *Saxons*.

Mon. But this belongs unto the *Saxon Duke*:
By the decease of the departed *Bishop*.

Val. Feare not, thou art as safe within my house,
As if perculliz'd in a wall of brasse.

Wheres *Vandermin*? *Enter Vandermin*.

Van. Madam did you call?

Mon. What noble man is that, a sutor to you?

Val. An excellent Pander, a rare doore-keeper.

Mon. I had thought he had bin a gentleman at least.

Val. Because of his attire?

Mon. True.

Val. O the attire, in these corrupted daies, is no true signe
To shew the gentleman; peasants now weare robes
In the habiliments of noblemen.

The world's grovvn naught, such indgement then is base,
For Hares and Asses we are the Lions case.

Mon. 'Tis very costly and exceeding rich.

Val. Riches to me, are like trash to the poore,
I haue them in abundance, gold's my slave,
I keepe him prisoner in a three-fold chest,
And yet his kindred daily visit me.

Mon. Lord how diligent
Is this rich clothed fellow!

Val. Were he proud,
And should but dare to stand still when I call,
I'de runne him through with a killing frowne.

Mon. Why then belike his service is for love.

Val. Why so are all the servants that attend mee,
They keepe themselves in sattin, velvets, gold,
At their owne charges, and are diligent,
Daies, moneths, and yeeres, to gaine an amorous smile.
Looke on my face with an indifferent eye
And thou shalt finde more musicke in my lookes,
Then in *Amphions* Lute, or *Orpheus* Harpe,

The costly Whore

Mine eye consists of numbers like the foule,
And if there be a foule, tis in mine eye,
For of the harmonie these bright starres make,
I comprehend the formes of all the world,
The story of the Syrens in my voyce,
Is onely verified, for Millions stand
In chanted, when I speake, and catch my words,
As they were orient pearle to adorne their eares,
Circe is but a fable, I transforme
The vertuous, valiant, and the most precise,
Into what forme of minde my fancie please,
Thou might'st bee proud great Lord of my abundance;
For in this beautie I shall more renewe
Our noble progenie, then all the pennes
Of the best Poets that ere writ of men.
Vnto your health, a health, let Musique sound, *Musick*
That what I taste, in Musique may be drown'd.
So, fill more wine, we use to drinke up all,
Wine makes good blood, and cheeres the heart withal.

Van. Madam, at such time as I heard you call,
A gentleman it seemes of good discent,
Humble did craue access unto your honor.

Valen. What did he give?

Van. A brace of bags of gold.

Valen. He shall have libertie to enter straight,

But first enrich the chamber with perfumes,
Burne choice *Arabian* Drugs more deare then
Waters distil'd out of the spirit of Flowers,
And spread our costly Arras to the eye.
My selfe sufficiently doe shine in jems,
Where such faire coated Heraulds doe proceed,
It seemes he is honorable and of noble fame.

Mon. Shall I behold this sutor?

Valen. At the full,

At pleasure passe through every spacious Roome,
Behold a Prince, we know his high discent,

The costly Whore.

Or proudly scorne to give him his content,
What drum is that?

Van. A Maske sent by a friend.

Valen. Belike our selfe must know the mysterie,
Tell them we are prepar'd to see the Maske,
And bid the other noblemen come neere,
Thus am I hourly visited by friends,
Beautie's a counsellor that wants no fee,
They talke of circles and of powerfull spells,
Heres heavenly art, that all blacke art excell.

Mon. He walke into the farther gallery.

Enter Duke.

Valen. Sir you are welcome what so ere you be,
I guesse your birth great by your bounteous fee.

Duke. Your humble servant bound by a sweet kisse.

Valen. I give you freedom gentle Sir by this.

He whispers her.

Val. I know your mind, first censure of the sport,
Then you and I will enter *Fenns* Court.

Du. More then immortall, o more then divine,
That such perfection should turne Concubine.

Mon. That voice is like unto the Saxon *Dukes*,
I feare he hath heard I lin'd here in this place,
And he is come to doe me more disgrace,
Montano hide thy selfe till he be gone,
His daughter thirsts for my destruction.

Exit Montano.

Val. Come sit by me, the Maskers are at hand,

Enter Maske.

Where are my Maides, to helpe to make the dance?

Enter 3 Maides.

*They dance, Valentin with them, they whisper to him
to have her play at dice, and stake on the drum.*

Valen. What shall we have a Mumping, Alas my Jewell.

Play on the drum head.

Duke.

The costly Whore.

Duke. Thou art a iewell most incomparable,
Malicious heaven, why from so sweete a face
Have you exempt the mind adorning grace?

they stake and play:

She wins, she drum strikes up.

Val. More gold, for this is mine, I thanke yee dice.

Duke. And so are all that doe behold thy beantie,
Were she as chaste as she is outward bright,
Earth would be heaven, and heaven eternall night,
The more I drinke of her delicious eye,
The more I plunge into captivitie.

She wins, strike up.

Valen. Have I wonne all? then take that back agen,
What scorne my gift, I see you are gentlemen,
No, is't not possible that I may know,
Vnto whose kindnesse this great debt I owe?
Well, Ile not be importunate, farewell,
Some of your gold let the torch-bearers tell.

Duk. Beauteous *Madona*, do you know these galants?

Valen. I guesse them of the Duke of Saxons Court.

Duke. My subiects, and so many my corrivalls,
O every slave is grac't before his Prince.

Valen. Are you not well sir, that your colour fades.

Duke. If I be sicke, 'tis onely in the minde,
To see so faire, so common to all kinde.

I am growne ialous now of all the world,

Lady how ere you prize me, without pleasure,

More then a kisse, I tender you this treasure.

O what's a mint spent in such desire,

But like a sparke that makes a greater fire?

She must be made my Darches, there it goes,

And marrying her, I marry thousand wocs.

Adieu kind Mistress, the next newes you heare,

The costly Whore.

Is to sit crown'd in an Imperiall crowne. *Exit.*

Valen. Either the man dislikes me, or his braine,
Is not his owne to give, such gifts in vaine.
But 'tis the custome in this age to cast
Gold upon gold, to encourage men to waste,
Lightly it comes, and it shall lightly flie.
Whilst colours hold, such presents cannot die: *Exit.*

Enter Reinaldo, Alfred and Albert.

Alb. But this is strange, that I should have her honour?
So farre from Court, pray whither were you riding?

Alf. Vnto your mannor, heard you not the newes.

Alb. What newes?

Alf. This morning by the breake of day,
His excellence sent to me by a post,
Letters, by which the pillars of the state
Should be assembled to a Parliament,
Which he intends my Lords, to hold in *March.*

Alb. When if it please your honor? *(make.*

Alf. Instantly, withall the hast that winged time can

Albert. Sooner the better,
Tis like the realmes affaires are of some weight.

Alb. I will bee there to night,
And so I take my leave.

Reinal. We take our leaves.

Exit Albert, and Reinaldo.

Alf. Farewell my honor'd friend,
There is within my braine a thousand wiles,
How I may heape up riches, o the sight
Of a gold shining Mountaine doth exceede,
Silver is good, but in respect of gold,
Thus I esteeme it. *Exit.*

Enter Hasto with three petitioners.

Hast. How now my friends, what are you?

1. Poore petitioners.

The costly Whore.

Hat. Stand farther then, the poore is as unpleasing
Vnto me as the plague.

2. An't please your good Lordship, I am a Merchant
and gladly would convey a thousand quarters of wheate
and other graine over the sea, and heres a hundred
pounds for a commission.

Hat. Thou art no beggar, thou shalt ha'r my friend,
Give me thy money.

3. I an't please your honour have a commoditie of
good broad cloth, not past two hundred, may I shippe
them over, and theres a hundred poundes.

Hat. Thou shalt have leave.

1. Although I seeme a poore petitioner,
My Lord I crave a warrant to transport
A hundred Cannons, fiftie Culverings,
VVith some slight armours, halberts, and halfe pikes,
And theres as much as any of the rest.

Hat. Away Cannibal, wouldst thou ship ordnance?
What though we send unto the foes our corne,
To fatten them, and cloth to keepe them warme,
Lets not be so forgetfull of our selves

As to provide them knives to cut our throates,

So I should arme a thiefe to take my purse,

Hast thou no other course of Merchandize? (dred

Thou shouldst get gold, twill yeeld thee ten in the hun-

On bare exchange, and raise the price with vs,

Make us for want, coyn, brasse, and passe it currant,

Vntill we find profit to call it in,

There are a thousand waies to make thee thrive,

And Ile allow of all bee it here so bad,

Excepting guns to batter downe our houses.

1. Letters of Mart I humblie then intreate,

To cease on Rovers that doe scour the seas. (lie,

Hat. And on our friends too, if thou canst do't clean-

Spare none, but passe it very closely,

VVe will be loath to lift thy Piracie.

But open eare to heare what they complaine,

Hast

The costly Whore.

Hast thou a Letter?

Hat. Ready drawne my Lord,
And heres a brace of hundred pounds for you.

Hat. 'Tis very well, I thinke I shall be rich,
If dayly tenants pay me rent thus fast,
Glue me your licenses, they shall bee seal'd,
About an houre hence, here attend our pleasure.

Omnes. VVe thanke your Lordship. *Exeunt petiti.*

Hat. O vild caterpillers,
And yet how necessaric for my turne,
I have the Dukes seale for the Citie *Menth,*
VWith which Ile signe their warrants,
This corne and twentie times as much
Alreadie covertly conuaid to *France,*
And other bordering Kingdomes neere the sea,
Cannot but make a famine in this land,
And then the poore like dogs will die apace,
Ile seeme to pittie them, and give them almes,
To blind the world, 'tis excellent policie,
To rid the land of such, by such deuice,
A famine to the poore, is like a frost
Vnto the earth, which kills the paltry wormes,
That would destroy the harvest of the spring,
As for the which, I count them painefull men
VWorthy to enioy what they can get,
Beggars are trash, and I esteeme them so,
Starve, hang, or drowne themselves, I am alive,
Loose all the world, so I have wit to thrive,
But I must to the Parliament, and then
Ile have a clause to beggar some rich men. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

*Enter Duke, Fredericke, Constantine, Reinaldo, Alberto, Alfrid, and
mongst them Hatto shuffles in.*

Alberto. Princes and pillars of the Saxon State,

Duke.

The costlie Whore.

Duke. You are the elected, speake for the Court,
Stay Lord *Alberto*, we usurpe your office,
Who had the charge to fetch *Valentia*.

Con. I gracious Lord, and when I gave the charge,
A sudden feare by palenesse was displaid
Vpon her rosie cheeke, the crimson blood,
That like a robe of state did beautifie
The goodly buildings with a two fold grace,
From either side shrunke downewards to her heart,
As if those summons were an aduersarie,
And had some mighty crime to charge her with,
Millions of thoughts were crowded in her braines,
Her troubled minde, her abrupt words describ'd,
She did accuse her selfe without accusers,
And in the terrour of a foule perplext,
Cry'd out, the Duke intends to ceale my goods,
Cause I am noted for a Concubine,
I did repleie such comfort as befeemes,
But comfortlesse I brought her to the Court.

Duke. Then she attends our pleasure?

Con. Mightie Lord in the next Roome.

Duke. You are carefull *Constantine*,
Conduct her in, and Lords give mee your thoughts,
What thinke ye wee intend to *Valentia*?

Alf. Her selfe hath read my sentence in the speech,
That *Constantine* delivered to your grace.

Fred. What should my noble father thinke,
But that shee is a strumpet, and in that,
A blemish to the state wherein she lives.

Har. She is rich in iewells, and hath store of treasure,
Got by the slavery of that choice beantie,
Which otherwise admires her to the world.

Alb. Confiscate all her goods unto the Crown,
Thereby disburdening many heauie taxes,
Impos'd vpon the commons of the land.

Har. Publique example make her to all such

Offences

The costly Whore.

Offences in that kind are growne too common,
Lesse shamelesse now were the beautionous dames
Of *Meath* and *Saxony*, when the sufferance
Hath at this instant made them good my Lord,
Enact some mighty penaltie for lust.

Duke. How wide these Archers shoote from the faire aime
Of my affection: bring *Valentia* in.

Enter Valentia, usher'd by Constantino.

Valen. The duetie that in generall I doe owe
Vnto your excellence and to this Court,
I pay at once upon my bended knee.

Duke. Behold her Princes with impartiall eyes,
And tell me, looks she not exceeding faire?

Hat. If that her mind coher'd with her faire face,
Shee were the worthy wonder of this age.

Alfred. I never saw a beautie more divine,
Grossely deform'd by her notorious lust.

Fred. Fairenesse and wantonnesse haue made a match
To dwell together, and the worst spoyles both.

Albert. Shee is doubly excellent in sin and beauty:

Duke. That they speake truth my conscience speaks,
But that I loue her thar I speake my selfe:
Stand up diuine deformitie of nature,
Beautionous corruption, heavenly seeing euill,
What's excellent in good and bad stand up,
And in this Chaire prepared for a Duke,
Sit my bright Dutchesse, I command thee sit:
You looke I am sure for some apologie,
In this rash action; all that I can say
Is that I loue her, and wil marry her.

Fred. How, loue a Lais, a base Rodophe,
Whose body is as common as the Sea
In the receipt of every lustfull spring?

Albert. The elements of which these orbes consist

E

Fire,

The costly Whore.

Fire, ayre, and water, with the good we tread
Are not more vulgar, common, popular
Then her imbracements.

Alberto. To inche-yne the thoughts
Vnto this dissemblance of lascivious loue
Were to be married to the broad rode way,
Which doth receiue the impression of every kind.

Fred. Speech doth want modesty to set her forth
In her true forme, base and contemptible,
The very hindes and pealants of the land
Will bee Corrivalls with your excellence,
If you espouse such a notorious Trull.

Albert. We shall haue lost a vertue in the Court:
The wayes of sinne be furthered by reward:
Panders and Parasites sit in the places
Of the wise Counsellors and hurry all.

Fred. Father as you are princely in your birth,
Famous in your estate, below'd of all
And (which ads greatest glory to your greatnesse)
Esteem'd wise: Shew not such open folly,
Such palpable, such grosse, such mountaine folly,
Be not the By-word of your neighbour Kings,
The scandall of your Subjects, and the triumph
Of Lenos mathrens and the hatefull stewes:
Why speake you not that are his brother friends,
You that doe weare the Liveries of time,
The silver cognizance of gravitie?

Shall none but young me schoole? the reverent old
Birds teach the Dam, stars fill the glorious spheares
Of the all lightning Sunne, speake whilst you may,
Or this rash deede will make a fatall day.

Duke. You haue said too much, encourage none to speake
More then haue spoke; by my royall blood,
My mind's establisht not to be withstood,
Those that applaude my choise giue us your hands,
And helpe to tye these sacred nuptiall bands.

Flat.

The costly Whore.

Flat. What likes your excellence, likes me well.

Alfred. And I agree to what my Sovereigne please.

Fred. These are no brothers, they are flatterers,
Contrary to themselves in their owne speech,
You that doe loue the honour of your Prince
The care and long life of my father,
The hereditary right deriv'd to me,
Your countries Welfare and your owne renowne,
Lend me your hands to plucke her from the throne.

Valen. Princes forbear, I doe not seeke the match,
It is his highnesse pleasure I sit here,
And if he loue me tis no fault of mine,
Behoues me to be thankfull to his Grace,
And strue in vertue to deserue this place.

Duke. Thou speak'st too mildly to these bare braind youthes:
He that presumes to plucke her from the chaire
Dyes in the attempt, this sword shall end all care.

Fred. Why, shee's notorious.

Duke. But she will amend.

Fred. 'Tis too farre growne to haue a happy end.

Duke. The dangerous the disease greater's the cure.

Fred. Princes may seeke renowne by wayes more sure,
Shee is dishonour'd.

Duke. Honestie's vnscene,
Shee's faire, and therefore fit to be a Queene.

Fred. But vertue is to be preferd ere lust.

Duke. Those that are once false shal we ne're trust?

Fred. Wise men approue their actions by the tryall.

Duke. I say she is mine in spite of all deniall.
Bring me the Crowne.

Fred. To set upon her head?

Friends draw your swords first strike the strumpet dead.

Duke. My guard, my guard.

Alfred. For shame put up your swords.

Fred. For shame great Rulers leaue your flattering words.

Albert. 'Tis madnesse in the King, and worse in you.

The costly Whore.

Hat. Though you prone traytors we'le not proue untrue.

Fred. Will you dismiss this Strumpet to the stewes,
Or our allegiance in this act refuse.

Duke. Doe what you dare, the election still shall stand.

Fred. Woe and destruction then must rule the land.
Come Lord *Rinaldo*, valiant *Alberto* come,
We haue friends enough to grace a warlike Drum.

A Shout within.

Hearke how the Commons doe applaud our cause,
Lascivious Duke, farewell father, oh vilde,
Where Queanes are mothers, *Fredericke* is no child.

Exeunt.

Duke. My guard pursue them, and aliuie or dead,
Cut off the cause by which these cries are bred,
Come my faire Dutchesse first unto the Church,
There solemnize our nuptials, then unto our armes,
A little rough breath over beares these stormes.

Exeunt. Enter Alfred & Hat.

Alfred. The Duke's besotted now we are secure,
This match makes well for us, we may command,
And on them lay the abuses of the land.

Hat. Excellent good, we are like to haue warres indeed,
But in the meane the poore will starue for bread,
Wee must share proffits howsoere things goe.
Winner, or looser, neither is our foe,
For mutually we'le beare our selues in all,
Or taking part leane to the strongest wall.

Exeunt.

Enter Constantine and Euphrate.

Eup. My father married to a Concubine,
Then hee will pardon though I marry thee,
And howsoe'r, about it presently,
The rather for *Montano* is repealde

Because of his alliance to *Valentin*.

Con. I am ready gentle loue and glad in mind
That my faire *Euphrate* will prone to kind.

The costly Whore.

Exph. Come my deare *Constantine* performe this right,
And arme in arme thus will we sleepe to night.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fredericke, Rinaldo, and Alberto with
Drum, Colours, and Souldiers.*

Fred. You that are carefull of your countries weale,
Fellow compere, Supporter of the State,
Let us imbrace in Steele, our cause is good,
What mind so base that would not shed his blood.
To free his countrey from so great an ill,
As now raignes in it by lascivious will,
Our friends to warre, and for my part,
Ere lust beare sway Ile gladly yeeld my heart.

Alberto. I heare the Duke is strong.

Fred. Suppose him so,
And be advis'd strongly to meete the foe :
I had rather you should think him ten thousand strong,
Then find it so to our destruction,
An enemy thought many and found few,
When our first courage failes gives us a new.

Alarm.

Albert. That's the Dukes Drum.

Fred. They are welcome to their death,
The ground they tread on covers them with earth.

Exeunt.

Enter Fredericke and Duke severall.

Fred. The enemy sends forth a Champion;
To encounter me, I heard him use my name,
The honour of the combate shall be mine.

Duke. Come boy retreat not, only I intend,
With thy lifes losse this bloody warre to end.

Fred. My naturall father in my blood I feele,
Passion more powerfull then that conquering Steele.

Duke. Why dost thou pause base boy thy Sovraigne's come,
To inter the life I gaut thee, in this tombe.

The costly Whore.

Fred. My father, oh my father : nature be still,
That I may haue my fame, or he his will.

Duke. What dost thou feare thy cause, is't now so euill?

Fred. I am possesst with a relenting devill;
Legions of kinde thoughts haue surpriz'd my sense,
And I am too weake to be mine owne defence.

Duke. Thou art a coward.

Fred. And you make me so :
For you come charm'd like a dishonour'd foe,
You haue conferr'd with spirits, and tane their aydes
To make me weake, by them I am betraid,
My strength drawne from me by a flight,
What other meanes could hold me from the fight?

Duke. I haue no spells about me.

Fred. Tis vnttrue,
For naturall Magique you haue brought with you,
And such an exorcisme in your name,
That I forbear the combate to my shame :
But that I am no coward, from your host
Elect two of the valiantst that dare most,
Double that number, treble it, or more,
I haue heart at will t'encounter with a score.
Or had your selfe come in a strange attire,
One of us twaine had lost his living fire.

Duke. Ile trie your valour: see audacious boy,
Thou art incompast with a world of foes,
Montano, Alfred, Vanderwas and all,
My Dutchesse comes too to, behold thy fall.
If thou hast spirit enough, now craue her ayd,
Never was poore ventrous souldier worse apayd.

Exit Duke.

Fred. My desire now from the skie of starres,
Dart all your Deitie, since I am beset,
In honourable wise payes all Natures debt.

*They fight, Fredericke beats them off, and comes for
the Dutchesse over the stage.*

Actus

The costlie Whore.

Actus quartus.

*Enter Duke, Montano, Valentia, Hatto and Alfred,
Drumme, Colours and Souldiers.*

Duke. Our anger long agoe, renowned Lords,
Is satisfied in faire *Valentias* loue.

Behold our proud sonne and these traiterous crew,
That dares confront us in the field of *Mars*.

Valen. You haue been too patient, my beloved Lord,
In calming these tumultuous jarring spirits:
Scourge them with Steele, and make the proudest know,
Tis more then death to haue their Prince their foe.

Mon. Bloody constraints beseeemes where dutie failes,
And Oratory ceasing, force preuailes.

Hat. Peace would doe better, so it pleas'd your sonne.

Fred. In her allurements first begun,
Banish her from the land, and Ile resigne.

Duk. Learne thine owne dutie traitor, I know mine.

Albert. Then there's no banishment.

Duk. None but by death.

Thy head is forfeit for that daring breath.

Alfred. Submit degenerate and presumptuous Lord.

Albert. When we are ignorant to weild a sword.

Fred. Never shall noble knee bend to this ground,
As long as that vile strumper liueth crownd.

Duk. I cannot stay to heare my loue deprauid,
In few words is it peace, or shall we fight,
Till our deepe wounds shall dampe the heavenly light,
Make the ayre purple with the reaking gore.

Fre. Fight whilst life serues you, we will nere giue ore,
The grasse greene pauement shall be drown'd in blood,
And yet Ile wade to kill her in the flood.

Duke. Alarum Drum, madnesse is on their side,
All vertuous counsell is by them defied.

Vpon

The costly Whore.

Vpon our part strike Drums, Trumpets proclaime,
Death most assur'd to those that loue their shame.

*Alarum, fight lustily and dring away the Duke,
Fredericke pursues Valentia, over the stage, and
takes her, a Retreat sounded.*

*Enter at one doore the Duke, Mon. Hatto, and Alfred with
Drum and Colours. Enter at the other doore Fredericke
leading Valentia prisoner, Rinaldo and Alberto
with Drum and Colours.*

Duke. Why doe traitors found retreat so soone?

Fred. Behold the cause.

Duke. Valentia prisoner?

Fred. The firebrand of this tumultuous warre,
The originall from whence your subjects blood
Flowers in abundance of this spacious play.

Valen. And what of all this?

Fred. That thy lifes too meane
To satisfie the unworthiest of the Campe,
For the effusion of a loyall drop.

Duk. Meanes Fredericke then to kill his fathers heart,
In faire Valentia's death?

Fred. Not touch your hand, other
Then humble as becomes a sonne:
But shee shall suffer for enchanting you.

Valen. I am a Dutchesse, set my ransome downe,

Fred. A Dutchesse! whence proceeds that borrowed name?
Of what continuance? scarcely hath the Sunne
Beheld thy pride a day, but doth decline,
Shaming to view a crowned Concubine.

Duke. In mine owne honour Fredericke,
I command thou set a ransome on Valentia.

Fred. What honor's that? your Dukedomes interest?
Your princely birth? your honourable fame?
All these are blemish'd with a trumpets name.

Mont.

The costly Whore.

Mon. Be not so cruell to bereaue her life,
'Twill draw upon thee a perpetuall scar :
Thy fathers curse, and a continuall warre.

Duke. Oh doe not threaten, *Fredericke* is so mild,
He will not proue such a degenerate child :
I cannot blame him tho' hee rise in armes,
'Twas not in hate to me, but in disdain,
That I should sell my royaltie so vaine,
But did he know the value of the iem,
Hee would not craze it for a Dyadem :
That shee was common her owne words approue,
But many faults are cover'd where men loue,
As thou respects my blessing and good dayes,
Restore her *Fredericke* and augment her prayse.

Fred. Restore her?

Albert. Never.

Duke. *Albert* Thou wert kind and I ne're wrong'd thee,
Doe not change thy minde.

Hat. You doe abase your honour to intreate.

Duke. How can I choose my affection is so great.

Alfred. Your power is strong, the enemy is but weak.

Duke. In her destruction all my powers will breake,
As thou dost hope of kindnesse in thy choyse,
If ere thou loue, giue care unto my voice,
Turne not aside thy eye, the feares I feele,
Makes me to bow where tis thy part to kneele :
Loe vassail-like, laying aside command,
I humbly craue this fauour at thy hand,
Let me haue my beloved, and take my state,
My life I undervalue to that rate :
Craue any thing that in my power doth lye,
Tis thine, so faire *Valentia* may not dye.

Fred. My soule is griev'd, and it appals my blood,
To see my father puffed in such mood :
Yet shall shee dye, He doe as I haue said
With mine hand, He chop off the Stumpets head.

The costly Whore.

Alberto. Kill her my Lord, or let me haue the honour.

Duke. Tigers would saue her, if they lookt upon her,
Shee is so beautifull, so heavenly bright,
That shee would make them loue her for the sight,
Thou art more rude then such if thou proceede,
In the execution of so vilde a deede:
Remember one thing, I did neuer loue,
Till thou my *Frederick* broughtst that fatall Gloue:
That and the Owners name thou didst descry,
Onely for that cause let not my loue dye.

Fred. O gods!

Duke. Cannot my kneeling serue, my teares preuaile,
When all helpes faile mee, yet this will not faile:
Proffer thy weapon to her beauteous side,
And with her heart, my heart I will diuide:
Intreaty Ile urge none more then are past:
And either now relent or heres my last.

Fred. Stay, if I should relent; will you agree,
To signe our generall pardon presently?

Duke. By heaven I doe, I freely pardon all,
And a reward I giue in generall.

Fred. Then take her, you deserue her were shee better,
Making your Crowne and life to be her Debter.

Duke. Welcome a thousand times, welcome sweete wife:
Never more deare then now, I haue sold thy life.

Valen. This more then kindnesse I turne backe to you,
Doubling my chaste vow to bee ever true.

Fred. Then here the warres end, are our fighting made:
Yet by your leaue Ile stand upon my Guard.

Duke. Take any course you please, Citie, or Towne,
My royall word Ile keepe by this my Crowne.

Fred. Then thus Ile take my leaue.

Duke. Since we must part,
Farewell my Sonne, all farewell with my heart.

Exeunt Fred. and his.

Mon. Twas well my Lord, 'twas a good policie,

The costly Whore.

To gaine your bride, I hope your grace did not meane,
To be thus overruide by a proud Sonne.

Duke. Why thinke you he intends some treachery ?

Mon. Why not, and did release *Valentin*.

To blind your eyes ; hee that could be so proud,
To rise in armes against his naturall Father,
Hath courage to doe more when he sees time.

Duke. But I haue pardon'd that offence by oath.

Mon. It were uoperiury to make him know,
Hee is your Sonne, and sonnes a dutie owe :
This sequestration will in time aspire,
Vnto a flame shall set your Realme on fire :
Warre when a Subiect hath the meanes of will,
'Tis not enough to say he has no will.
For will is alter'd by the place and time,
And hee that's once up, knowes the way to elime :
I speake perchance like a prophetique foole,
But these are wise can counsaile, with your bride
Wisedome adviseth timely to provide.

Duke. What thinkes my loue of *Frederickes* reconcilement ?

Valen. That he has spirit enough to be a traytor :
But I am beholding to him for a life,
And he may brag he gane your grace a wife :
A good old man, he could not choose but feele,
For shame some small remorse, to see you kneele,
Pray God he gane me not into your hand,
That he might be the ruine of your land.

Duke. Thinkes my loue so ? but brothers what's your censure ?

Hae. I am no Polititian.

Alfred. Neither I.

Wee are both content to liue quietly.

Duke. Hee may be a villaine tho' he be my Sonne.

Mon. Why not, and worke your ruine like a foe ;
Had he meant well, why did he leane you so ?
Your noble heart was free from all deceit,
But hee's retirde to doe some dangerous feate,

The costly Whore.

When Subjects stand upon their guard looketo'r,
They haue some plot in hand and they will do'r.

Duke. What course is readiest to prevent such mischief?

Mon. Plucke up the fulsome thistle in the prime;
Young trees bend lightly but grow strong in time:
Were I the worthiest to aduile your honour,
You should pursue him with your spreading bands,
Swifter in march then is the lightning flame,
And take him tardy whilst his plots are tame;
Now to charge on his army questionlesse,
Would driue them all into a great distresse,
If not confound them, having tane your Sonne,
You may be as kind, and doe as hee hath done:
So shall he know himselfe, and be lesse proud.

Valen. The counsailes good.

Duke. And it shall be allowed.

You that doe loue me, see the host prepar'd,
To scare those traytors that our liues haue scarde:
Our armie's many, but their power is free;
Besides they are traytors, all with us are true:
Sound Drums and trumpets, make the world rebound,
Hearthen our friends, and all our foes confound.

Alarum.

Exennt.

*Enter Montano With two or three Souldiers. Vandarmas
leading Fredericke bound.*

Fred. Base cowards, traytors, how am I surprizde
With these bonds? I am a Prince by birth,
And princely spirits disdain such clogs of earth;
Let goe you slaues.

Mon. First know your fathers pleasure.

Fred. You are too bold.

Mon. But you shall keepe a measure.

Fred. Thou blood of common Concubines must I,
Be bound by thee, and heire of Saxony?

Dnk

The costly Whore.

Duke. It is our pleasure. *Enter Duke and Valen.*

Valen. Haue you caught him so?
Now shall you waite the mercy we will shew:
I was too base to be your fathers wife.

Duke. But he shall sue to thee to saue his life.

Fred. Periuurde, ungratefull, unnaturall,
Is this the Pardon given in generall.

Duke. Wee'l talke of that hereafter, make him fast.

Valen. Helpe *Vandermas*, our selfe will ayding be,
To keepe in awe such senselesse trechery.

Duke. My helpe and all to prison there till death,
Remaine in duresse.

Fred. Rather stop my breath,
Strangle me with these cords, prison to me
Is twenty deaths, I will haue liberty:
Now as you are a father be more kind,
You did not find me in so sterne a mind:
And you forgetfull of the life I sav'd:
Shall a Dukes Sonne by treason thus be slau'd?
If you suspect my loue, grant me the fight,
I dare in single combate any knight,
Any adventurer, any pandorus hinde,
To proue my faith of an unfained mind.

Duke. Away with him.

Fred. I see my death's set downe,
And some adulterous heire must weare that Crowne:
To intreate a Rodophe, I had rather dye,
Then haue my life lodg'd in such infamy:
If all my fortunes on her words depend,
Let her say kill me, and so make an end.

Duke. Why stay you?

Vander. Good my Lord.

Fred. Peace untaught Groome:

My heart's so great that I de forerun my doome:
There's no release meant, you haue vowed I see,
To dam your soules by wilfull perjury.

The costly Whore.

Yet that I am my selfe let these words shew,
To die is naturall, 'tis a death I owe,
And I will pay it with a minde as free,
As I enioyed in my best libertie.
But this assure your selfe, when all is done,
They'l kill the father, that will kill the sonne.

Exit.

Duke. What's to be done now?

Mon. Seale unto his death;

Your warrant nere the sooner takes effect:
'Twill be a meanes to make him penitent,
And pardon's meet for such as doe repent.
Seeing his fault, hee'l taste your mercie best,
When now he proudly thinkes he is oppress.

Duke. A Warrant shall be sign'd, and unto thee
I doe commend it: deale not partially,
If he be sorry, and in true remorse
Cancell the Writ, else let it haue full force.
Had I ten sonnes, as I haue onely this,
They should all die ere thou depriv'd of blisse:
So great is my affection, my faire wife,
That to saue thine I de frankly giue my life.
Come, weele about it strait, all time seemes long,
Where thou hast found flight cause to feare my wrong.

Valen. That writ Ile take, and a conclusion trie,
If he can loue he liues, if hate me, die.
For howsoere I seeme to scorne the man,
Hee's somewhat deare in my affection.
Here comes your brothers.

Enter Alfred and Flatto.

Alfred. May it please your grace,
By chance entring into Saint *Maries* Church
This morne by breake of day, I espied
That that I know will vexe your Excellence:
Your daughter *Euphrata* is married
To the ambitious beggar *Constantine*.

Duk. My daughter married my Chamber-squire!

Mon.

The costlie Whore.

Mon. Your Excellence did banish me the land,
Because I did suspect her with that fellow.

Duke. He shall be tortur'd with th'extreamest plague
For his presumption — Haue you brought them,
That I may kill them with a killing looke.

Hat. Without direction we haue ventured to lay upon them
Your strict command, and they attend.

Duke. Bring the presumptuous.

*Enter Constantine and Enphrata, Otho
following in disguise.*

Euphr. Forward *Constantine*, our Rites are done,
Thou art my husband: doe not feare his eye,
The worst it can import is but to die.

Duke. Bale and degenerate.

Euphr. He is a Gentleman,
'Twas base in you to wed a Curtizan.

Mon. Her brothers spirit right, bold and audacious.

Euphr. Then I am no bastard, wherefore should I feare,
The knot is sacred, and I hold it deare.
I am wedded unto vertue, not to will,
Such blessed unions never bring forth ill.
If I offend in disobedience,

Iudge of the power of loue by your offence.

Father, you haue no reason for this ire;

Frowne whilst you kill us, desire is desire.

Duke. A Curtezan? hath that ambitious boy
Taught you such Rethoricks? you shall taste like joy.

I will not reason with you, words are vaine,

The fault is best discerned in the paine.

Your hastie marriage hath writ downe his death,

And thy proud words shall seale it with thy breath.

By what is dearest to mee, here I fwear,

Both of your heads shall grace a farall beere:

Take them to prison, Ile not heare a word,

This is the mercie that we will afford,

Since they are growne so proud, next morne begun,

The costly Whore.

Let them be both beheaded with my sonne.

Con. Short and sweet, *Euphrata*, the doome is faire,
We shall be soone in heaven, there ends my care.

I scorne entreatie, and my deare I know,
All such slavery thou hatest so.

'Twill be a famous deed for this good man
To kill all's children for a Curtezan.

Emph. Wilt thou die with me?

Const. Would I liue in heaven?

Thou art now too high for me, death makes us even.

Eup. Looke to your dukedome, those that hast our fall,
Haue by their avarice almost hurried all.

There's a whole Register of the poores crie,
Whilst they are reading them, imbrace and die.

Flings downe her lap full of Petitions.

Duke. Beare them away.

Exeunt Emph. and Constant.

And now let's reade these Writes.

What's here? complaints against my worthy brothers,

For corne transported, Copper money stamp,

Our subjects goods ceaz'd, and I know not what.

A plague upon this busie-headed rabble,

We will haue tortures made to awe the sla

Peace makes them ever proud, and malapert.

They'l be an Overseer of the State.

Valen. And plead reformation to depose you.

Duk. True my faire Dutchesse, but Ile cut them short.

Rule still deare brothers: take these to the fire,

Let me reade somewhat that augments desire,

Authors and golden Poems full of loue,

Such the Petitions are that I approue:

So I may liue in quiet with my wife,

Let fathers, mothers, children, all lose life,

If thou haue issue, in despite of fate,

They shall succeed in our Imperiall state.

Come sweet to dauncing, then to sport and play,

Till we haue ruled all our life away.

Exeunt.

Manet

The costly Whore.

Manet Otho.

Otho. O pittifull condition of a Realme,
Where the chiefe ruler is ore-ru'd by pleasure,
Seeing my friend surpriz'd in this disguise,
I followed him to meete the consequence:
And to my griefe I see his marriage rites
Will cut him short of all this earths delights.
What's that to mee, when *Constantine* is dead,
I have some hope to attaine her Nuptiall bed,
But shee is doom'd as well as hee to die,
Can the Duke act his daughters Tragedie.
It is impossible, he will relent,
And Ile perswade her freely to repent.
Yet 'tis most likelie that he will agree
He is so farre spent in vild tyrannie.
The commons hate him for the wrong he hath done,
(By his brothers meanes) the Nobles for his sonne,
Famine spreads through the land, the people die,
Yet he lives senselesse of their miserie.
Never were subiects more misled by any,
Nor ever Soueraigne hated by so many.
But *Constantine*, to thee I cast an eye,
Shall all our friendship end in enmitie?
Shall I that ever held thee as my life,
Hasten thy death, that I may get thy wife,
Or love or friendship, whether shall exceed,
Ile explaine your vertue in this following deed. *Exit.*

Enter Valentia, Montano and Vandermas.

Val. Have you the instruments I gave in charge?

Vand. Wee have.

Val. And resolution fitting for the purpose?

Mon. All things are ready with our faithfull hearts.

Val. And she that undertakes so great an act,
As I intend, had need of faithfull hearts,
This is the prison, and the jaylor comes

The costly Whore.

In happy time, where's trayterous *Frederick*? *Enter Iaylor.*

Iaylor. What is your highnesse pleasure with the Prince?

Val. Looke there if you can reade?

Iai. O heavenly God, what doe I read, a warrant for his death?

Valen. Resigne your keyes, goe weepe a dinge or twaine,
But make no clamour with your lamentation.

Iay. I dare not prophesie what my soule feares.

Yet Ile lament his tragedie in teares. *Exit.*

Valen. Oft have I seene a Nobleman arraign'd,
By mighty Lords the pillars of the land,
Some of which number his inclined friends,
Have wept, yet past the verdict of his death,
So fares it with the Prince, were I his jaylor,
And so affected unto *Fredericks* life,
The fearefull't tyrant, nor the cruelst plagues,
That ever lighted on tormented soules,
Should make me yeeld my prisoner to their hands.

Mon. Madam, he knowes his dutie and performes it,

Valen. Setting aside all dutie, I would die,
ere like a woman weepe a tragedie.

Is basenesse, cowardize, dutie? O slaves,

Had I a friend, I'd dye in my friends grave.

But it sorts well for us, Hindes will be Hindes,

And the Ambitious tread upon such mindes,

Vaite whilest I call you in the jaylors house.

Mon. We will. *Exeunt Van and Mon.*

Valen. My Lord, Prince *Fredericke*. *Enter Fred.*

Fred. Wofull *Fredericke*,

ere a besecming Epitaph for me,

he other tastes of too much soveraigntie.

What, is it you? the glory of the stewes.

Valen. Thy mother *Fredericke*.

Fred. I detest that name,

my mother was a Dutches of true fame,

and now I think upon her when she died,

was ordain'd to be indignified,

She

The costly Whore.

She never did incense my Princely Father
To the destruction of his loving sonne.
Oh she was vertuous, trulie naturall,
But this step-divell doth promise our fall.

Val. Why dost thou raile on me? I am come
To set thee free from all imprisonment.

Fred. By what true superseedes, but by death,
If it be so, come strike me to the earth,
Thou needest no other weapon but thine eye,
Tis full of poyson, fixe it and Ile die.

Val. Vncharitable youth, I am no serpent venom'd,
No basilicke to kill thee with my sight,

Fre. Then thou speakst death, I am sorry I mistooke,
They both are fatall, there's but little choice,
The first intral'd my father, the last me,
No deadlier swordes ever vs'd enemy,
My lot's the best, that I dye with the sound,
But he lives dying in a death profound.

I grow too bitter being so neere my end,
Speake quickly, boldly, what your thoughts intend.

Valen. Behold this warrant, you can reade it well.

Fred. But you the interpretation best can tell:
Speake beauteous ruine, twere great iniurie,
That he should read the sentence that must dye.

Val. Then know in brieft, 'tis your fathers pleasure—

Fred. His pleasure, what?

Val. That you must loose your life.

Fred. Fatall is his pleasure, 'tis to please his wife,
I prethee tell me, didst thou ever know,
A Father pleas'd, his sonne to murder so?
For what is't else, but murder at the best,
The guilt whereof will gnawe him in his brest,
Torment him living, and when I am dead,
Curse thee, by whose plot I was murdered?
I have seene the like example, but O base,
Why doe I talke with one of thy disgrace:
Where are the officers? I have liv'd too long,

The costly Whore

When he that gave me life, does me this wrong.

Val. That is thy fathers hand, thou dost not doubt?
And if thou shouldst I have witnesse to approve it,
Yet tho it be his hand, grant to my request,
Love me, and live.

Fred. To live so I detest love thee?

Valen. I, love me, gentle *Fredericke*, love me.

Fred. Incestuous strumpet oake.

Val. Oh thou dearest ill,
To render so much spleene for my good will.

Fred. Torment farre worse then death.

Valen. Ile follow thee,
Deare *Fredericke* like thy face be thy words faire.

Fred. This monstrous dealing doubles my deaths care.

Valen. What shall I call thee to allay this ire?

Fred. Why call me son, and blush at thy desire.

Valen. I never brought thee forth.

Fred. Art thou not wife unto my father?

Val. Thinke upon thy life,
It lyes like mine, onely in gentle breath,
Or that thy fathers dead, and after death,
'Tis in my choise to marry whom I will.

Fred. Any but me.

Valen. O doe not thinke so ill,
Rather thinke thou art a stranger not his sonne,
Then 'tis no incest tho the Act be done,
Nature unto her selfe is too unkind,
To buzze such scruples into *Fredericks* minde,
Twas a device of man to avoid selfe love,
Else every pleasure in ones flocke should move,
Beautie in grace part never from the kinne.

Fred. If thou persever as thou hast begun,
I shall forget I am my fathers sonne,
I shall forget thou art my fathers wife,
And where 'tis I must die, abridge thy life.

Valen. Why didst not kill me being thy prisoner then,
But friendly didst deliver me a Jewne.

Vnto

The costly Whore.

Vnto thy father, wert not thou didst love me.

Fred. Beyond all sufferance, monster thou dost move.
'Twas for my fathers sake, not for thine owne,
That to thy lifes losse, thou hadst thoroughly knowne,
But that relenting nature playde her part,
To save thy blood, whose losse had slaine his heart,
And it repents me not hee doth forgiue.
But that his fortune was so ill to wiue,
Come kill, for, for that you came, shun delayes,
Left living, Ile tell this to thy dispraise,
Make him to hate thee, as he hath iust cause,
And like a strumpet turne thee to the lawes.

Valen. Good *Fredericke*, thus be wiue.

Fred. Tis resolu'd on, I have said.

Valen. Then fatall Ministers liue your ayde.
Come *Vandermas*, *Montano*, wheres your corde?
Quicklie dispatch, strangle this hateful Lord,
Or stay, because I loue him, he shall chuse,
The easiest of three deaths that we may vse,
The halter, poyson or bloodshedding blade.

*Enter Van.
and Mont.*

Fred. Any of them.

Valen. This Aconite's well made, a cup of poyson,
Stuff with dispatching simples, give him this,
And he shall quickly leave all earthly blisse.
There, take it *Fredericke*, our last gift of grace,
Since thou must die, Ile have thee die apace.

Fred. O happie meanes given by a trecherous hand,
To be my true guide to the heaven'y land.
Death steales upon me like a silken sleepe,
Through every vaine doe leaden rivers flowe,
The gentlest poyson that I ever knewe,
To worke so colaly, yet to be so true,
Like to an infant patiently I geue,
Out of this vaine world, from all worldly woe,
Thankes to the meanes, tho they deserve no thankes,
My soule begins to ore-flow these fleshly bankes,
My death I pardon unto her and you,

The costlie Whore.

My finnes God pardon, so vaine world adiew.

Valen. Ha, ha, ha. *he falls asleepe.*

Mon. Hee's dead, why does your highnesse laugh?

Valen. Why Lord *Montano*, that I love to see,

He that hath say'd my life, to die for me.

But there's a riddle in this Princes death,

And Ile explaine it on this floore of earth.

Come, to his sisters execution goe,

We have varietie of ioyes in woe,

I am sure you have heard his Excellence did sweare,

Both of their heads should grace a Kingly beare,

Vpon a mourning hearse let him be layd,

He shalbe intombed with a wived maid. *Exeunt.*

Acus Quintus.

Enter Duke, Haro, and Alfred.

Duke. Bring forth the prisoners, wher's my beauteous Dutches,

That she may see the ruine of her foes,

She that upbraided her with slanderous wordes,

She that in scorne of due obedience,

Hath matcht the honour of the Saxons blood,

Vnto a beggar, let them be brought foorth,

I will not rise from this tribunall seate,

Till I have seene their bodies from their heads.

Alfred. Here comes the Dutches with prond *Fredericks* hearse.

*Enter Valentia, Montano, Vanderma with others, bearing the
hearse with Fredericke on, couered with a blacke robe.*

Duke. So set it downe, why have you honored it

With such a sable coverture? a traytor

Deserves no cloth of sorrow, set it downe,

And let our other off-spring be brought foorth,

My beauteous lovely and admired love,

Come sit by us in an imperiall chayre.

And

The costly Whore.

And grace this state throne with a state more fayre.

Valen. My gracious Lord, I hope your excellence
Will not be so forgetfull of your honour,
Prove so unnaturall to your loving daughter,
As to bereave her of her life,
Because she hath wedded basely gainst your will,
Though *Fredericke* dyed deservedly, yet she
May by her loves death cleare her indignitie.

Duke. She and her love we have sentenced to die,
Not for her marriage onely, tho that deede
Crownes the contempt with a deserved death,
But chiefly for she raild against thy worth,
Vpbraided thee with rearmes so monstrous base,
That nought but death can cleare the great disgrace,
How often shall I charge they be brought forth?
Were my heart guiltie of a crime so vilde,
I'de rend it forth, then much more kill my childe.

Val. O that this love may last, 'tis sprung so hie,
Like flowers at full growth, that grow to die.

*Enter Iulia with a vaile over her head, Otho with
another, with Officers.*

Duk. What means these sable vailes upon their faces,

Val. In signe they sorrow for your high displeasure,
For since the houre they were imprisoned,
They have liv'd like strangers, hood-winkt, together,
You may atchieve great fame victorious Lord,
To save the lives of two such innocents.

Duke. 'Tis pretty in thee my soule lov'd Dutchesse,
To make this Princely motion for thy foes,
Let it suffice, the' are traitors to the state,
Confederators with those that sought my life,
A kinne to *Fredericke* that presumptuous boy,
That durst beare armes against his naturall father.
Are they more deare then he? off with their vailes.

Mon. O yet be mercifull unto your daughter.

The costly Whore.

Duke. You make me mad, headman, dispatch I say.
They are doom'd to die, and this the latest day.

Otho. Then let him strike, whoever traitors be,
I am sure no treason lives in her or me.

*Otho pulls off
his vails.*

Duke. How now, whats here? *Otho and Julia.*
Am I deluded, where is *Euphrata*,
And that audacious traitor *Constantine*?

Otho. Why fled.

Duke. To whom?

Otho. To safetie, here was none,
I can resolve you of the circumstance,
Betwixt the noble *Constantine* and I,
Noble I call him, for his vertuous minde,
There was a league of love so strongly made
That time wants houres, and occasion cause,
To violate the contract of our hearts,
Yet on my part the breach did first appeare,
He brought me to behold his beauteous love,
The faire *Euphrata*, her Angel sight,
Begate in me the fire of private love,
That before did like her for my friend,
Now to deceive him, sought her for my selfe,
But my deuce was knowne unto my friend,
And worthilie he banisht me his sight.

(forth.

Duke. Whats this to their destruction, seeke them

Otho. They are far enough for suffering such a death,
I well considering my unfriendly part,
Bethought me how to reconcile my selfe,
Vnto my hearts endeared *Constantine*,
And seeing him carried to the prison, we
Followed, and found meanes for their libertie.

Duk. Are they elcapt then?

Otho. Both in our disguise,
And we stand here to act their tragedies,
If they have done amisse, on us
Impose the Law.

Julia. O let our suites prevails,

I aske

The costly Whore.

I aske to dye for my deare Ladies sake.

Otho. I for my friend.

Duke. This friendly part doth make
My heart to bleede within me, and my mind
Much perplext, that I haue beene so unkind.
What second funerall march is that I heare?

*Enter Rainaldo, and Alberto like schollers, grieving before the
Beare, others following them with the bodies of
Euphrata, and Constantine covered
With blacke.*

Alberto. Health to this presence, though the newes,
Impairing health I bring unto this presence,
The bodies of the drowned *Constantine*,
And the faire *Euphrata*, behold them both.

Duke. Of drowned *Constantine* and *Euphrata*,
Declare the manner, and with killing words;
Temper thy words, that it may wound my life.

Albert. Passing the Rhine bordering upon the tower,
From whence it seemes they lately had escapt,
By an unskillfull Guide their gundeler
Encountred with an other, and the shooke
Drown'd both the vessayles, and their haplesse liues:
Their bodies hardly were recover'd,
But knowne we brought them to your excellence,
As to a father that should mourne for them.

Duke. Vnto a tyrant, doe not call me father,
For I haue beene no father to their liues:
The barbarous Canniball that never knew
The naturall touch of humane beauty
Would haue beene farre more mercifull then I:
Oh tyrannie the overthrow of Crownes,
Kingdomes, subversion, and the deaths of Kings.
Loe here a piteous obiect so compleate,
With thy intestine and destroying fruite,
That it will strike thee dead, oh *Euphrata*.

H

Oh

The costly Whore.

Oh princely *Fredericke*, never deare to me
Till now, in you I see my misery
My sonne, my daughter, vertuous *Constantine*.

Hat. What meanes this griefe my Lord, these are the traytors,
That you in iustice sentenced to dye.

Alfred. A trecherous sonne, and a rebellious daughter.

Valen. Those that did seeke to take away your life.

Mon. Bereave you of your Crownes prerogative.

Duke. Hence from my sight, blood thirsty Counsellors,
They never sought my life, but you have sought it,
Verruous *Alberto*, and *Rinaldo*:

Had I given eare to them and to my sonne,
My ioyes had flourished that now are done.

Valen. Yet for my sake, allay this discontent.

Duke. Tis for thy sake, thou vilde notorious woman,
That I haue past the limits of a man,
The bonds of nature.

Twas thy bewitching eye, thy Syrens voice,
That throwes me upon millions of disgrace,
He haue thee tortur'd on the Racke;

Plucke out those basiliske enchanting eyes,
Feare thee to death, with Pincers burning hot,
Except thou giue me the departed lines
Of my deare children.

Valen. What am I a Goddesse,
That I should fetch their flying soules from heauen,
And breath them once more in their clay cold bodies?

Duke. Thou art a witch, a damnd forceresse;
No goddesse but the goddesse of blacke hell,
And all those devils thy followers:

What makes thou on the earth to murder men?
Will not my sonnes and daughters timelesse lines,
Taken away in prime of their fresh youth
Cruel to suffice thee?

Valen. O you are mad my Lord;

Duke. How can I choose,
And such a foule *Erymis* gase on me,

Such

The costly Whore.

Such furious legions circle mee about,
And my slaine Sonne and Daughters fire brands,
Lying so neere me, to torment my soule,
Extremities of all extremities.

Take pittie on the wandring sense of mine,
Or it will breake the prison of my soule :
And like to wild fire, fly about the world,
Till they haue no abiding in the world :
I faint, I dye, my sorrowes are so great,
Oh mortalitie renounce thy seate.

He falls downe

Valen. The Duke I feare is slaine with extreame griefe :
I that had power to kill him, will assay hence forth,
My utmost industry to saue his life.
Looke up my Lord, 'tis not *Valentius* voice,
That Courtezan, that hath betray'd thy honour :
Murder'd thy children, and almost slaine thee :
I am thy sonne, I am Prince *Fredericke* ;
If thou hast any liking of that name,
Looke on my face, I come to comfort thee.

Duke. The name of *Fredericke* is like *Hermes* wand,
Able to charme and uncharme sorrowfull men,
Who nam'd *Fredericke* ?

Valen. I pronounc't his name,
That haue the power to giue thee thy lost Sonne :
Had I like vertue to restore the other :
Behold my Lord, behold thy headlesse Sonne
Blest with a head, the late deceased living,
As yet not fully waken'd from the sleepe :
My drowfie potion kindled in his braine,
But much about this houre the power should cease,
And see he wakes.

Duke. O happinesse 'tis hee.

Valen. Imbrace him then, but ne're more imbrace me.

Fred. Where am I, in what dungeon, where's my graue ?
Was I not dead, or dreamt I, I was dead,
This am I sure that I was prisoned.

Duke. Thou art deceiv'd my Sonne, but this deccie

The costly Whore.

Is worth commendations, thanke my Dutchesse,
Her discretion reedified thy life,
But she hath prou'd her selfe a gracious wife.

Fred. She tempt me to lust, waite in my grave?

Valen. 'Twas but to try thy faith unto thy father,
Let it suffice, his hand was at thy death,
But 'twas my mercie that proclaim'd thy breath.

Fred. To heaven and you I render worthy thankses.

Duke. O liv'd my *Euphrata* and *Constantine*,
How gladly would I all my griefe resigne.

Albert. On that condition: and with this besides,
That you are pleas'd to pardon us and them,
We doe referre our persons to your mercie.

Duke. My daughter, my deare sonne in law,
Vertuous *Alberto*, then my friend,
My ioyes are at the highest, make this plaine,
How these sav'd drownd, as *Fredericke* has bin slaine.

Albert. Presuming on the example of these friends,
And know we are all actors in this plot,
Boldly presented your presence with this minde,
If pardoning them, your grace would pardon us,
If otherwise, this was the ioy of either,
That death's lesse painefull, when friends die together.

Duke. We doe receive you all into our favour,
And my faire Dutchesse; my unkind divorce,
Shall be confounded with a second marriage,
I here receive thee oncemore as my wife.

Val. You have your children, I have paid that debt.
You have divorc'd me, therefore I am free,
And henceforth I will be at libertie. (Lord.

Duke. There's no divorce can part thee from thy

Valen. Like to unkindnesse there is no divorce.
I will no more be won unto your bed,
But take some course to lament my life mislead.

Duk. Canst thou live better then in sacred wedlocke?

Valen. Wedlocke to me is unpleasing, since my Lord
Hath broke the band of marriage with unkindnesse.

Duke. Intreate her children, *Fredericke*, *Euphrata*,

Let

The costly Whore.

Let me not loose the essence of my soule,
Fred. Divine *Valentia*, mirror of thy sexe,
The pride of true reclaim'd incontinence,
Honour of the dishonoring, yeeld I pray,
And be mercifull, pittie my fathers smart,
Since thy last thraldome hath neare cleft his heart.

Exp. 'Twas for his children that his spleene did rise,
Anger, a torture haunting the most wise,

Valen. O no I am a murderesse, an *Erinnis*,
A fury sent from *Limbo*, to affright
Legions of people with my horrid sight. (ties.

Hat. What doe you meane, be won by their intrea-

Alfred. 'Tis madnesse in you to be thus perverse.

Val. Who ever speaks, base wretches be you dumb,
You are the catter pillers of the state,
By your bad dealings he is unfortunate,
Thou honourable true beloved Lord,
Hearken to me, and by thy antient love,
I charge thee banish these realme-sucking slaues,
That build their pallace upon poore mens graves,
O those are they, that have wrong'd both you and me,
Made this blest land, a land of miserie.
And since by too much loving your grace, hath false
Into a generall hatred of your subiects,
Redeeme your lost estate with better dayes,
So shall you merit never dying praise,
So shall you gaine lives quietnesse on earth,
And after death a new celestiall birth.

Duke. Vnto thy wisdom: I referre their doomes,
My selfe my Dukedome, and my crowne,
Oh were there any thing of higher rate,
That, unto hee I'de wholly consecrate.

Val. This kind surrender shewes you are a Prince,
Worthy to be an Angell in the world
Of immortalitie:
Which these cursed creatures never can attaine,
But that this world may know how much I hate,
This cruell base oppression of the poore:

The costly Whore.

First I enioyne you for the wrongs you haue done,
Make restitution, and because your goods,
Are not sufficient so to satisfie;

I doe condemne your bodies to the Mynes,
Where liue like golden drudges all your liues:
In digging of the mettall you best loue:

Death is your due, but for your noble race.

This gentle sentence I impose on you,
The Duke succeeding shall behold it done.

Duke. Who's that my loue?

Valen. Kind *Fredericke* your sonne,
The interest that your grace hath given to me,
I freely doe impart.

Duke. We doe agree to what my Dutchesse please:

Valen. The state is thine:

Thy Vncles sentence *Fredericke* shall be mine.

Fred. Beare them away, what you haue said shall stand,
Whilst I haue interest in this new given land.

Hat. We doe receiue our iudgements with a curse.

Valen. Learne to pray better, or it shall be worse:
Lords see these wormes of kingdomes be destroyed:

And now to giue a period to my speech:

I doe intreate your grace, if that your loue
Be not growne cold; but that your heart desires

The true societie of a chaste wife:

Be pleas'd to undergoe a further doome,

Wee haue liv'd too lightly, we haue spent our dayes,

Which should be dedicated to our God,

In soule destroying pleasure, and our sloth

Hath drawne upon the Realme a world of playes:

Therefore hereafter let us liue together,

In some removed cell or hermitage,

Vnto the which, poore travellers on lead,

May haue direction and reliefe of wants.

Duke. A hermetary life is better then a kingdome,

So my *Valentia* bears me company.

Valen. If my dread Lord will for my sake endure,

The costly Whore.

So strickt a calling, my bewitching haire,
Shall be made napkins to dry up the teares,
That true repentance wringeth from our hearts,
Our finnes we'l number with a thousand sighes
Fasting shall be the Steward of our Feast:
Continuall prayer in stead of costly eates,
And the Remainder of our life a schoole,
To learne new lessons for the land of heaven:
The will where power is wanting is good payment:
Grace doth reiect no thought, tho' nere so small,
So it be good, our God is kind to all:
Come my deare Lord, this is a course more kind:
No life like us that haue a heavenly mind.

Mon. O let me be a servant in that life.

Valen. With all my heart, a Partner let him be,
There's small ambition in humility.

Duke. *Fredericke* farewell, deare *Euphrata* adieu,
Remember us in prayer, as we will you.

Fred. A happy change, would all that step awry,
Would take like course in seeking pietie.

Otho. Two humble suites I craue of my best friend:
First pardon for my rashnesse in your loue,
Next this most loyal Virgin for my wife.

Con. With all my heart if *Julia* be pleas'd.

Julia. I haue no power to disobey your grant.

Con. Then she is yours.

Fred. Alberto.

The offices belonging to our Vncles,
We doe deriue to you for your good service,
In our late warres, and in our sisters loue.
And now set forwards, Lords let us be gone,
To solemnize two mariages in one.

Epilogue.

The Epilogue.

To let minister two marriages in one.
And now let forwarde, Lords let us be gone,
In our late waives, and in our late lone.
We doe desire to you for
The office belonging to our Vales.

FINIS.

Fred. Albrecht.
Con. Then she is yours.
Julia. I have no power to disobey your graunt.
Con. Which all my heart if I can please do.

Next this most loyal Virgin for my wife.
First pardon for my fault, if I have done.
Oido. Two hundred pounds of gold and silver.
Would take like couple in fact.

Fred. A happy change.
Remember us in prayer.
Duke. Fredericke father.

There's small sin in this.
Taken. Which all my heart
Hon. O let me be a knight.

Nothing like us that have a
Come my deate Lord, this
So this good God is

To let me new lessons for the last of
An like Remembrance of our
Continually pray for us here.

Letting us be
On this day
That the good
I shall be made knight to you.

